Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Weber
108 Beacon Road
Bethany, CT 06524

10/3/93

Dear both,

We appreciate the invitation we'd love to be able to accept but for some years any travel has been too dangerous for me and I'm never out of town except for being driven to Johns Hopkins. My skin has become so friable from the medication that keeps me alive that I've peeled two inches of a forearm back in my sleep when a forearm rubbed over my nose!

But if you can make it to here the day after the lecture that would be wonderful!

Not much over an hour from the Gallery, depending on traffic.

I hope Kathy's period in the peace, quiet and beauty in Ireland if I remember correctly stimulated the muses and that her writing went well and is completed.

Mine is a different kind of writing and my muse is the angle who hasn't tired of being on my shoulder for so many years now. I'm lamenting, not bragging, when I say that in the past month, with all else I've had to do, I've about 100,000 words of a book I won't take time to describe in draft. It is being rushed for April publication. I should finish the draft in two weeks or less. A much larger one I did underforced draft last fall and winter is not being rushed, is more important, and is in the hands of the copy editor. These will both be historically important and extraordinarily controversial. Rushing and good writing are not a probable combination but my objective is to perfect the historical record to the degree I can while I can because, depressing thought, much knowledge of that tragic event that really did turn the world around will disappear with me. That is what has me catching up on yesterday's mail, one to go, at 2:15 a.m. Right now I'm nearing the end of an evisceration of a despicable Judenrat who is currently one of the more common guests on all the talk shows for his wretchedly dishonest rewriting of that event as I think is unprecedented in history and in writing.

It has been a long time! I've just remembered that you do not know of the honor we both enjoyed in August. I'll enclose a bit on it. We enjoyed it, more because some of my family was able to get here for it along with friends from around the country.

Please tell your mother I hope she is well and happy.

If you can get here, if I've not told you, from several medical problems I lead a convoluted life that, in my experiments in coping with it have made me more productive. I was wide awake this morning at 1:00, close to present norm. To get some sleep I aim for bed at 7:00 and last night made it only a half-hour late. The early hours are never interrupted and I get much work done rapidly.

The odd way things pop into our minds when there are so many years to remember. I was thinking how long it has been since I saw you. You then were less than 10 and a remarkbaly bright and attractive child, albeit a bit on the quiet side with me. My eye happened to

fall on a thick yellow pencil with a thick and black lead that I use for labelling file folders. It is one left over from my OSS days, and then I remembered that I took you a selection of different colors of paper-wrapped ones for your drawing of that for your age really extraordinary family you used to sketch single-sheet cartoons on. With the notice of Nick's lecture on my desk that took me back in a different way. For a brief period of time, each of us getting there separately, Sidney and I were in the same strange, catchall OSS component, "Presentation." It had two parts, artists and writers. (I also did some investigating and trouble shooting.) Eero Saarinen and Henry Koerner were among the artists. I was quite fond of Henry and an admirer of the skill with which he used his art for those special wartime purposes. Last I heard of him was when I was still reading TIME and he did some covers for it.

Thanks for the invite, I hope you can make it up daytime, and love to you all,

Harold